

## Compromised by Pondermoniums

**Series:** [Harringrove Tumblr Drabbles](#) [6]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - James Bond Fusion, Assassins & Hitmen, Billy Hargrove Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Car Chase, Explosions, Ficlet, James Bond References, M/M, Mentioned Abandonment Issues, Steven Universe Has PTSD - Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, from tumblr, mentioned childhood trauma

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-06-17

**Updated:** 2021-06-17

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 13:53:12

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,746

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

Agent Hargrove aspires to be a 00 agent. They're the best of the best, and he knows he's the best - when he's not being scolded by his computer saavy partner.

When headquarters is infiltrated and compromised, it's all he can do to keep himself and his partner alive.

But his partner is more than a letter. And Hargrove must decide if he wants to be more than a number.

# Compromised

## Author's Note:

- For [hoegrove](#).

Oh boy, here I go again! This is a gift for the marvelous @hoegrove on tumblr! It's based on [their post here](#) ~

[You can read on tumblr here](#) ~

013.

Fucking 013. Not 00.

Which meant he'd have to wait for whoever got the 00 status *he* deserved to either die or become incompetent.

"Congratulations, Hargrove. Report to HQ for briefing."

He'd rather be headed for the private plane that would take him to some tropical location, where capitalist monsters waited for his bullet.

Hargrove stepped out of the elevator onto the spacious floor. He really wished HQ would renovate. The concrete floors, glass walls, and metal beams were urban but not chic.

He found the corresponding desk of his... "partner" of sorts. Every number had a letter. The computer and the muscle. As Hargrove removed his outer garment, though, only the computer desk was present, while the person -

"Could you *not* dump your nasty jacket on my work station?"

Hargrove sighed and found the loon - on a bicycle. He frowned. "What the hell are you doing on a bike inside?"

"It helps me think," Q said, riding slow laps in between the cubicles. Granted, there weren't many of them, and Hargrove was pretty sure he'd only ever seen Q and maybe three other people on this entire floor, unless there was a crisis.

Maybe that's why he had yet to be promoted to 00. Too much peace.

"Take your jacket off my seat!"

"Jesus Christ," Billy cursed. He balled up the ruined jacket and threw at the bastard's head. To his credit, he didn't crash into anything. "Clean freak."

"That's Q to you," he barked, dumping the raggedy garment into the nearest bin.

"Sure, Steve," he purred, knowing his partner *loathed* the fact that he had figured out his real name. Hargrove wouldn't work for just anybody, after all. And he was a detective first. Hired gun second.

He didn't actually need Q. So he told himself. But Steve sure came in handy.

"So help me god, *Billy*. Did you at least keep my pen intact?"

"Your what?" He landed in Steve's spinning chair, forcing the guy to lean his bike against his cubicle and stand with his hands on his hips.

"My *pen*, dip shit. You know, the one that's basically a Swiss army knife. The one sanctioned by HQ to one Asshole Hargrove - "

"Oh, that," he said distantly, gazing out at the city around them. "It broke."

Not surprised, nor impressed, Steve remarked, "You realize that if some nerd civilian reverse-engineers half the shit you lose, we might be genuinely compromised, right?"

"Then make better stuff."

"Stop *losing* it, and you might actually be 00 one day."

Billy glared with all the menace a man could while having his chair rolled out of the way. Steve shoved him aside with his foot and entered his computer password before navigating to the corresponding case briefs. Billy let his head recline on the seat while Steve went through the list.

“Target?”

“Deceased.”

“Car?”

“Totaled, but returned.”

“Pen: lost in action. Suspect?”

“Null. Excellent in bed, though.”

“You’re a cliché.” Steve glared from behind his glasses.

“Stop giving me cases with attractive people, then,” Billy smirked. “Who’s my next target? Tell me they live somewhere expensive and sunny.”

“Like a desert?”

“No, like Marseilles.”

“Oh, Marseilles is nice,” Steve chirped distractedly. “If you like French people.”

Billy snorted, but it evolved into laughter. “What’s wrong with French people?”

“They’re French.”

“Wow. Picky.”

Steve giggled under his breath and said, “I’m sorry I don’t have a gig for you in France.”

“I’m sure I’ll manage,” Billy sighed. “What do you have?”

“Something more domestic.”

Billy exhaled through his nose, warranting a curious peek from Steve. “Yeah, that’s what I’m stuck with. One zero and domestic jobs.”

“You’ll get there,” Steve reassured. Softly. Which was...odd.

Billy’s head rolled over the back of the chair to stare at him. Steve quickly added, “If you stop breaking the shit I loan you.”

Billy looked toward the ceiling, pressing his lips into an impertinent line...

“Q.”

“Hm?” he asked while typing away.

“There’s a bird in here.”

Steve looked at him. “What?” and followed his gaze up to the metal rafters. A grey bird gazed right back at them. “*Oh shit -*”

Billy already had his pistol out. One shot knocked the bird off its perch. It landed with a loud, metallic clatter.

Steve's body doubled over when Billy wrenched his arm in the direction away from the device, and not a second too soon. The force of the explosion knocked them both over one cubicle and roughly onto the concrete floor.

"Q," Billy growled when the guy scrambled to his feet and back to his desk. He reached underneath it, uncovering a baseball bat of all things, and swung right over his hard drive. Metal and plastic debris rained over the floor, and then he ran to the router standing on a low piece of furniture along the wall. He wrenched its cables out and smashed the thing too.

Then he looked up at Agent Hargrove. "We're compromised."

Billy was already moving toward the scattered carcass of the spy bird. They didn't have a lot of time. Already, another explosive rumble

sounded beneath their feet, on another floor. Billy quickly found the piece he was looking for, and pocketed it before yanking Steve in the direction of the stairs.

"I need a car."

"You know where the garage is."

"You're coming with me. That thing heard both of our names."

Steve defended, "We both lost our original identities when we signed up for this bullshit."

"We don't know what we're dealing with yet," Billy reasoned. "Until then, you're safest with me."

"Well that's pathetic." His words might've landed better if they didn't rattle out of him while they did their best to sprint down several dozen flights of stairs.

"You're really sassing me right now? What are you gonna do with that bat?"

Steve ignored that to proclaim, "We need to get to my place. I have a backup computer connected to the system."

"And how do we know it's not compromised too?"

"Because it's mine. Not the system's."

Billy could only frown at him ever so briefly, but he pocketed that information away for another time. For now, they descended into the belly of their organization, where the garage of vehicles rested beneath the city. There, another argument awaited him.

"You're not taking the goddamn Camaro."

"I'm taking the goddamn Camaro," Billy retorted, already ripping the keys out of the cabinet Steve unlocked for him.

"It's loud as all hell!"

"So are you. Get in the car."

Another explosion shook the concrete columns of the garage. Steve ducked his head and coughed on the dust while he threw himself into the car a millisecond before Billy left tire tracks on the floor. "What are you doing?"

Steve was pressing buttons on the dash. Somewhere behind them, a mechanical part was moving in the car. "We don't know how many birds infiltrated the building. I'm rotating the license plates - egh!"

He collapsed against his seat when the car angled up to speed onto the city streets. Billy mused, "And what can you do for speed trap cameras?" and held up a middle finger to the camera angled over the four-way intersection.

"Nothing yet. We'll have to trade cars eventually."

"Not soon enough."

"What?" Steve all but screeched, and turned around to see behind them. "At least you're not the only stereotype in this business."

He got the words out a moment before the large, black SUV rammed into the back of the Camaro. "Put your seatbelt on."

"IT IS ON!"

Steve provided his own chorus of swears and exclamations while Billy navigated through the city, tossing his partner left and right in his seat, avoiding another collision with the SUV that would spin them out of control. When Steve began digging through the glove box and lowering his window, Billy bellowed, "What are you doing?"

"A PEN!" he yelled before throwing something behind them. A second later, the SUV's front lifted off the road so the whole thing fell onto its side.

It was Billy's turn to exclaim, "Those things explode?"

"YES THEY EXPLODE!"

"YOU NEVER TOLD ME THEY EXPLODE!"

"WHY DO YOU THINK I TOLD YOU NOT TO TAKE THE PEN APART? THAT RELEASES THE PIN!"

"YOU ARE SO GODDAMN LUCKY MY DICK HASN'T BEEN BLOWN OFF."

Steve pointed out the front windshield. "BILLY!"

Another SUV narrowly rammed them from the side, but Billy pulled on the brake and swung the car into a 180. Some civilian took the brunt of that particular attack, but Billy officially needed to get them the hell out of here. Whoever wanted their heads for trophies didn't care about national news.

Which was possibly the most dangerous piece of this mess. Arguably the most powerful component of a country was its press, and these assholes didn't care if they earned the media's or internet's attention.

It was another aspect in itself that Billy had ridden in one too many black SUV's. That would also account for someone's ability to install too many explosive birds in the building.

"Billy?" Steve piped when he drove down the stairs leading to the boardwalk along the river. Billy focused on the new car behind them. He looked across the river at the opposite riverbank, where the walls sloped up. He needed to get over there.

The car rattled as he sped up a flight of stairs to the street once more, but did a hard left onto the bridge that crossed the river.

Down the stairs again, this time slaloming over the ramped wall, keeping an eye on his rearview to see how tunnel-visioned the SUV behaved.

A hand gripped the wide bell of his forearm. "Billy," Steve rasped. There wasn't a stairwell at the end of this riverbank. Just a concrete wall.

Billy went up the ramp, and braked with a hard turn on the steering wheel. The SUV tried to brake in time, but the Camaro clipped the



back tire, and it spun right over the side into the river.

Billy k-turned back in the direction of the stairs. He drove seamlessly into the midday, traffic, turning on his windshield wipers against the heavy drizzle. He glanced at Steve, who had not let go of his arm. At a stoplight, Billy's other hand overlapped his, earning a pale and unfocused, ghostly stare.

"We need to get to the subway. Then your place."

Despite his shock, Steve nodded and said, "Two blocks down."

Billy found the station, lodged their car in a back alley between a Polish restaurant and a laundromat, and circled the car to help Steve out. "I'm fine," he said even as his knees gave out and he hung from his arms propped on the car door and roof.

"I see that," Billy replied. He nestled in close to wrap an arm around Steve's softer waist. "Put your weight on me."

He did, and Billy kicked the door shut behind them. "Do you have a metro card?"

"Do I have a metro card?" Billy snorted on their way to the entrance.

"You can't jump the turnstiles."

"I'm not leaving a paper trail. I don't know if my cards are compromised too. That bird sat right over your desk, pretty boy. Someone wanted a real close eye on you. Maybe even kill you. We can try and figure out who else was under surveillance later."

They did not earn approving looks from vaulting the turnstiles, but they made it to the train, and then forty minutes or so later, Steve's apartment. By then, his color had returned to his face, and Billy couldn't help but tease, "Do you always bring colleagues home?"

Steve sighed and didn't grace that with a response. He unlocked his door, and Billy perused the living room and its bay window. The place was nice. White walls. Light wooded floors. Colorful dish ware. A bedroom off to the right with an unmade bed, and a dining room to the left with an array of folders and a laptop on it.

Billy placed the broken bird piece beside the laptop. "I don't know how much you can get out of this. But it's a start."

Steve maneuvered around him and sank into the chair. "Help yourself to the kitchen."

Billy did exactly that, and only found a few hints at the neurosis of a tech genius: Steve's pantry was entirely filled with bags of chips and hot sauce. His apartment also wielded the same characteristic Steve used at work: cleanliness. There wasn't so much as a lingering cereal dish in the sink.

Billy went about scrambling some eggs, frying up some bacon, and heating up a box of leftover diner hash browns. He poured a bottle of white and brought the dishes to the table. He set the glass of wine in view of the laptop. "For your nerves. Try to eat something."

"Thanks," Steve murmured. He didn't touch his food, but Billy sat opposite him and plunged his fork into his eggs.

After he cleaned his plate, he started tapping the back of the laptop screen, causing whatever Steve was reading to bounce. As if tossed out of a reverie, Steve inhaled sharply and took his glasses off to scrub his face. Naturally, Billy chuckled and plucked up the glasses to see how the other half lived...

"Steve."

"Hmm?" he mumbled from inside his hands.

"Explain to me why your glasses are asking for 004 authentication?"

His hands lowered so he could see Billy wearing his glasses and the nearly invisible screens layered inside the glass. The muscles of his jaw ticked as he reached across the table. Billy let him remove the glasses, but his stare did not waver until Steve relented, "I'm not 004 anymore."

Billy blinked, hard, as he absorbed that. "When *were* you an agent?"

Steve pushed his fork around his plate. "Right as you joined."

"Am I really going to have to pull your teeth for this? Because someone must know who you are, or were. Knows enough to keep an eye on you. How many other 00s are retired into office work?"

"My whole team," he heaved. Surrendered. "It all happened too fast. I was elevated to 00 status and just as quickly flunked out of it. Then they gave me *you*."

Steve exhaled as if there was a whole lot more there. Then he added, "Consider this a mentorship."

Billy huffed and relaxed against his chair. "So my guardian angel is the one keeping me from my promotion."

It took a second, but Steve processed that and lifted his head. "What?"

"You. I don't get to be a 00 until a 00 gives me the okay."

Something shy of a grimace flitted across Steve's features. "Maybe you'd be one, if you learned how to say thank you. You're not god. I've saved your ass at least twice without even being in the same country as you."

"You're a P.T.S.D. case with a laptop. That's all."

"And you're a gun with childhood trauma and abandonment issues. Welcome to the fucking club. We have special glasses."

He stabbed his hash browns and started eating. Billy crossed his arms and brooded in silence.

*Abandonment issues, my ass*, he mused, but could not help but watch the man opposite him eat. He'd never actually seen Steve eat. He'd certainly always been available whenever Hargrove called, regardless of timezone or courtesy of sleep.

*It's hypocritical to call him an angel and treat him as disposable...after you hauled him around like precious luggage.*

Billy didn't like that thought one bit.

This job wasn't actually a business. It was a lifestyle. One that didn't

grant angels or precious items. And the same voice that called Steve, *Angel*, kept whispering in Billy's mind.

*Compromised.*

Something moved in his periphery and he had his gun out before he even thought twice. "What the hell is that?"

Steve, to his credit, hadn't flinched. "Cartoons refer to it as a pussy cat. I call her Muffin. She wants your bacon."

The fluffy ginger that had jumped onto the table stared Billy down until he relinquished his last piece of bacon. "Why am I not surprised that you have a cat?"

"Considering your reaction, I'd say you were petrified."

"Shut up, Steve."

"No guns on the table."

Billy groaned and set the device on the console table behind him. "Yes, dear."

It was going to be a long case.

### **Author's Note:**

I really like the idea of Steve having a cat like a Bond villain...while being the suspicious team mate  
muahaha

[My harringrove Tumblr~](#)  
[My main Tumblr~](#)